

# Under The Influence

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I dreamed I was a pigeon  
slipping through the heavens like a 747  
everyone left down below  
locked in a house of my invention  
learning the don'ts of fire prevention  
if I roast marshmallows over their bodies  
do you think god will still find their souls?

Just want to be like we used to  
under the influence  
just want to see like we used to  
under the influence

I dreamed I was a white tip slipping through the Pacific  
my heart for a shipwreck and your legs left down below  
some things they come, all things they go  
and there ain't nothing like exploding  
if you've got something to explode